



SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1910.

dinner. I am interested in that north-western country myself, and I want to ask some questions about it."

It was well on toward midnight when Emerson reached his hotel, and, being too full of his visit with Mildred to sleep, he strolled through the lobby and into the Pompeian room.

"Boyd Emerson! By Jove, I'm glad to see you!" He turned to face an anemic youth whose colorless, gas-



WAYNE WAYLAND STOOD IN THE OPENING.

bleached face was wrinkled into an expansive grin.

"Hello, Alton!"

"They shook hands like old friends, while Alton Clyde continued to express his delight."

"So you've been roughing it out in Nebraska, eh?"

"Alaska."

"So it was. I always get those places mixed. Come over and have a drink. I just met a Klondiker myself this evening. Great chap too! I want you to know him; he's immense. His name is Froelich, but he isn't a Dutchman. Come on, you'll like him."

Clyde led his companion toward a table.

Mr. Froelich shoved back his chair and turned, exposing the face of "Fingerless" Fraser, quite expressionless save for the left eyelid, which drooped meaningly.

"Froelich!" said Boyd angrily; "good heavens, Fraser, have you picked another? I thought you were going to stick to 'Froelich'!"

Turning to Clyde, he observed: "This man's name is Fraser. One of his peculiarities is a dislike of proper names. He has never found one that suited him."

"I like 'Froelich' pretty well," observed the imperturbable Fraser. "It sounds distasteful."

"Don't believe anything he tells you," Boyd broke in, seating himself. "He is the most circumstantial liar in the northwest, and if you don't watch him every minute he will sell you a hydraulic mine or a rubber plantation or a sponge fishery. Underneath his eccentricities, however, he is really a pretty decent fellow, and I am indebted to him for my presence here to-night."

Alton Clyde made his astonishment evident by inquiring incredulously of Fraser, "Then that scheme of yours to establish a gas plant at Nome was all?"

"Certainly!" Emerson laughed. "The incandescent lamp travels about as fast as the prospect. Nome is lighted by electricity and has been for years."

"Is it?" demanded Fraser, with an assumption of the supremest surprise.

"You know as well as I do."

"H'm! I'd forgotten. Just the same, my plan was a good one. Gas is cheaper." He reached for his glass, at which Clyde's eye fell upon his missing fingers, and the young clubman exploded:

"Well, if that's the kind of pill you are, maybe you didn't lose your mitt in the Boer war either."

Emerson answered for the adventurer: "Hardly! He got blood poisoning from a haugnaul."

Clyde began to laugh uncontrollably. "Really, that's great! Oh, that's lovely!"

Clyde said he was in poor health and wanted a chance to regain lost appetite and lost money.

"I'll give you a chance to recoup," said Boyd. "I am here to raise some money on a good proposition."

The younger man leaned forward eagerly. "If you say it's good that's all I want to know. I'll take a chance. I'm in for anything from pitch and toss to manslaughter."

"I'll tell you what it is and you can use your own judgment."

"I haven't a particle," Clyde confessed. "If I had I wouldn't need to invest. Go ahead, however; I'm all ears."

The other outlined the plan. To Clyde, Boyd Emerson had ever represented the ultimate type of all that was most desirable, and time had not lessened his admiration.

"It looks as if there might be a jolly rumput, doesn't it?" he questioned.

"It does."

"Then I've got to see it. I'll put in my share if you'll let me go along."

"You go! Why, you wouldn't like that sort of thing," said Emerson, considerably nonplussed.

"Oh, wouldn't I! I'd eat it! It's just what I need. I'd reveal in that outdoor life!" He threw back his narrow shoulders.

ders. "I'm a regular scout when it comes to roughing it. Why, I camped in the Thousand Islands all one summer, and I've been deer hunting in the Adirondacks. We didn't get any—they were too far from the hotel. But I know all about mountain life."

"This is totally different," Boyd objected, but Clyde ran on, his enthusiasm growing as he tinted the mental picture to suit himself.

Clyde was lost in an exposition of his fitness as a fisherman when Fraser burst out:

"Hello! There's George."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT A DONKEY FOUND OUT

There was once a donkey that didn't know he was a donkey. In fact, he didn't know what he was because he had no relatives or friends to tell him and no mirrors to look in. So he used to sit and think.

"I wonder what I am, anyhow? I don't believe I am a bird, and I don't feel exactly as if I were a bee, and I can't bark like a dog. I really don't know what I am."

At last one day he made up his mind to go out into the world and find out what he was. So he set forth briskly, determined to talk to every one along the way. After he had gone a little distance he met an old woman picking up sticks.

"Excuse me," he said, "but should you mind telling me what I am?"

"Do you mean to say you don't know what you are?" exclaimed the old woman.

"No, I haven't the least idea," he replied.

"Then you must be a goose!" she cried.

"Thank you," said the donkey. "I'm much obliged," and he went on his way saying to himself:

"Now, to think that I'm really a goose and never knew it! I wonder why I can't seem to flap my wings. Perhaps I shall be able to if I keep on trying."

So he went on awhile longer trying to flap his wings and attempting to quack until quite by accident he stepped right into a small fort that a rather rude little boy was building by the wayside.

"Look out, you lobster!" cried the little boy indignantly.

"Oh, excuse me!" said the donkey. "Well, to think that I'm a lobster, after all!" he said to himself going on. "The old lady must have been mistaken. I suppose if I'm a lobster I ought to go into the water and have a swim."

So he made his way down to the seashore and waded into the water. After swimming about for some little time he decided that he really should not like to live in the water permanently, and so he waded back to the shore and lay down to dry.

"I hardly think I'm a lobster," he said. "I don't feel as if I could pinch any one except with my mouth, and lobsters don't pinch that way."

When he was quite dry he walked up the beach and was pleased to find a nice heap of red apples.

"This is just what I want after my swim," he said. "And I'm perfectly sure I'm not a lobster, because lobsters don't eat apples."

When he had finished two or three a little girl in a blue dress came running down the beach.

"Those are my apples! Go away!" she cried.

"Oh, excuse me!" said the donkey. "But before I go would you mind telling me what I am?"

"You're a pig, that's what you are!" cried the little girl, who was still angry.

"Dear me," said the donkey as he walked sorrowfully away. "What a disappointment! I'm sure I'd rather be a goose or even a lobster. And I'm afraid I must be a pig, as she says, because I know pigs eat apples."

He went on for some little while after that until he came to a beautiful big house in the midst of large grounds. There were some pretty children playing outside. At first the donkey was afraid to go near them.

"I'm sure they don't allow pigs in such a beautiful place," he said.

At last, however, he grew courageous enough to put his nose inside the gate. At that one of the children ran toward him shouting, "Oh, see the darling little gray donkey!"

"Sure enough, it's a donkey," said the old gardener, who was standing near watering the flowers.

"To think of that!" exclaimed the donkey. "And I believe they are right. Somehow the name seems to fit me exactly. I really believe I am a donkey."

And in time he was sure of it. He stayed with the children, who kept him as their own special pet, and they always spoke of him as their own dear, precious donkey.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

IT is foolish to fret about the future. The present generally furnishes enough material to work that stunt on.

Luck has a good deal to do with success, but working ten hours a day has more.

Some people can't bow to the inevitable as if it were an agreeable acquaintance.

There are people who have the best time when they are engaged in cataloging their grievances.

The meanest kind of a friend is the one who gives you his opinion of the motorboat you have just built.

The man who thinks he would be satisfied if he were a millionaire probably doesn't realize what agony it is to be a billionaire.

Many a man might have a happy home if his wife would let him put his feet on the table and use her powder box for an ash receiver.

The woman who prides herself on telling people just what she thinks of them often finds it hard to distinguish between malice and candor.

It requires a hero or a liar to declare that he likes to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning.

The woman with a beautiful head of hair gets no more credit nowadays than her baldheaded sister who keeps hers in a drawer nights.

Getting Them Fresh.

The proprietor of a Paris art store was explaining to his head clerk about a customer he was expecting who had just inherited money and had gone in for art.

"Is he a hard man to handle?" asked the clerk.

"No. You just push him up to a painting and take his money away from him, but you want to be careful that he doesn't rub against those two old masters I have set aside for him, as the paint on them might not be quite dry."

Has a Pair of Rudders.

"I feel like a boat without a rudder," said the disconsolate youth.

"Never you mind," replied the resourceful young woman. "Cheer up. Life will not always look so gloomy. Maybe in time you can save money enough to purchase a swallowtailed coat."

Her Preference.

"I like the small checks. Don't you?"

"I think they are prettier and make up better."

"I much prefer the large kind that my husband writes."

Her Idea.

"She always tries to do her duty."

"She does?"

"Yes."

"But the trouble is that she is so apt to consider other people her duty."

Close Enough For Comfort.

If you cannot force the tiger in his low and tangled lair, if you cannot climb the icebergs and bring home a polar bear, if the lion and hyena, and the did-dig have you baffled, and you revile them where they're stuffed.

Must Have a Motive.

"I am very fond of you."

"Are you?"

"Really."

"Then I shall have to charge you half of what you make out of it."

Necessary.

"Hypocrites are agile creatures."

"Agile?"

"They have to be to squirm out of the tight places they are always getting into."

The Point.

"She was his first love."

"I don't care anything about that."

"What is it you want to know?"

"Who his last love is."

His Specialty.

High in the seat donor sits The captain of industry.

And there he plays a game of wits Affecting you and me.

By chaps who make a game of wits We cannot get them straight.

We only know when bills come round We have to pay the freight.

He does not swing the shining hoe, He does not shove the saw, He does not make the engine go, Nor tell the off mule "Haw."

He does not wrap up gingerbread, Nor weigh a chunk of meat, But somehow he comes out ahead And gets enough to eat.

I wish I understood his game, I'd work it, you can bet, My intellect must be too lame To mingle in his set.

Not every simple soul can take A leather cushioned chair, And elevate his feet and make Enough and some to spare.

I know the worry well may drain His store of nervous force, This cutting coupons is a strain, Of course, of course, of course, Perhaps I wouldn't care to dance To such a lively jig, But watch me if I get a chance And see if I renig.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

THAT a rich man may not enter the kingdom of heaven was never known to deter a man from amassing all the wealth he could.

The woman who boasts that her husband is a genius is conscious that she is complimenting her own choice.

When a man has a grudge against his neighbor he sometimes buys a phonograph.

When you hear a woman declare that it is always her luck to get into the meanest neighborhood possible you may be sure that the neighbors are glad when moving day comes.

When your wife appears to believe your yarn she may be merely planning to touch you for \$50 after breakfast.

The man who boasts that he doesn't care what people say of him has usually been busy giving them plenty of material to say what they may.

Modern business methods to a man up a tree sometimes look strangely like mediaeval robber methods.

Reforms may come and reforms may go, but graft goes on forever.

Too many men take the automobile route to the bankruptcy court.

It sometimes requires the genius of a Kipling to furnish a satisfactory explanation of a black eye.

AFTER sixteen a boy spends a lot of time trying to cut school. After twenty-five he spends some more regretting he was so successful in his attempts.

A pessimist is one who is never happy unless he is miserable.

This is the season when pickling gets the whole household into a regular pickle, not to mention ferment.

The girl who can't make a loaf of bread generally tries to even up matters by making fudge.

There are women who would rather read an account of divorce proceedings than go to a funeral.

We have a contempt for the American girl who annexes a title, but still we like to hear about the way she did it.

Sometimes we run against a self-made man who isn't proud of his job.

An optimist is a man who is certain his salary will be raised next year.

To be sweet tempered and put a stove into working position and condition seems to be a masculine impossibility.

When a woman declares that she wishes she were dead she may be depending upon to send a hurry call for a doctor if she notices she has symptoms of heart failure.

The Hello Boy.

He's just the smallest little tot That ever you did see.

That little boy along the street That says "Hello!" to me.

You wouldn't think that he could talk, His speech is a tiny lead.

But, my, he says it out distinct, As plainly as his dad!

You really couldn't understand Unless that kid knew him.

His morning "How do do?" For as I pass in going down Or coming back at night The old adage does not seem the same If he is not in sight.

That boy is neither kin of mine Or of my better half.

But I can tell you for a fact He's got me on his staff.

But when he says "Hello!" to me, This sturdy little man,

You bet I say "Hello!" right back As pleasant as I can.

A weakness for that little boy Without a blush I plead,

And he can borrow books from me When he has learned to read.

As far as I can see, That little boy along the street Who says "Hello!" to me.

Hard on Women.

"I don't see how a woman ever hears any gossip."

"Why?"

"Because she talks all the time and never listens."

The Event.

By every sign and token, By every working law,

By warm and friendly greetings From men you never saw,

By chaps who pour molasses And honey in your ear,

You know that that election Will very soon be here.

The true, the wise and noble, The grand, the pure and great Are running after office.

You get it from them straight, You wouldn't have believed it Had it not come first hand

That there was so much merit In all the blooming land.

Some men you wouldn't fancy Or cling to as a fan, Are running for positions Just like a run of shad.

Had you the names been picking To grace the party slate, You'd let them know how noble And fine it was to wait.

But here they come in bunches, The lean, the fat, the tall, For something paying money

Sermons hard to understand, But if you have naught to teach me, Dear, your meaning I demand!

If you wish me, love, to leave you I'll never walk my way?

Then, when gladly I receive you, Wherefore do I seem to grieve you?

Must I then, in truth, believe you Wish me, darling, far away?

Do you wish me, love, to leave you? Pretty little neighbor, say!

—Victor Hugo.

OPPORTUNITY.

To seize an opportunity seems such an easy thing.

And yet, whenever one comes your way and to it you would cling, You're pretty sure to find that some one else has seen it, too.

And, snatched it for his own advantage just ahead of you.

—Washington Evening Star.

An Anecdote.

"Sire, one word," said a soldier one day to King Frederick the Great when presenting to him a request of a brevet of lieutenant.

"If you say two words," answered the monarch, half in jest and half in earnest, "I'll have you hanged."

"Sign," replied the soldier.

The monarch, surprised at his presence of mind, immediately granted his request.

Gems In Verse

OLD FAVORITES.

NO LONGER JEALOUS.

REMEMBER the time ere his temples were gray, And I frowned at the things he'd say, But now he's grown old he may say what he will.

I laugh at his nonsense and take nothing ill. Indeed, I must say he's a little improved, For he switches no longer the "silly be-loved."

No longer as once he awakens my fears, Not a glance he perceives, not a whisper he hears.

If he heard one of late it has never transpired, For his only delight is to see me admired.

And now, pray, what better return can I make Than to flirt and be always admired for his sake?

—Walter Savage Landor.

THE COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, Awaits alike the inevitable hour— The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

NOR you be proud, impute to these the fault, If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise, Where through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

CAN storied urn or animated bust Back to his mansion call the fleeting spirit? Can honors' voice provoke the silent dust, Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

PERHAPS in this neglected spot is laid Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire, Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed, Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

BUT knowledge to their eyes her ample page, Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll, Chill penury repressed their noble rage, And froze the genial current of the soul.

FULL many a gem of pure ray serene The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear, Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

—Thomas Gray.

LILIAN.

AIRY, fairy Lilian, Flitting, fairy Lilian, When I ask her if she love me, Clasp her tiny hands above me, Laughing all she can.

She'll not tell me if she love me, Cruel little Lilian.

When my passion seeks Pleasure in love sighs, She, looking through and through me Thoroughly to undo me, Smiling, never speaks.

So innocent, arch, so cunning, simple, From beneath her gathered wimple Glancing with black beaded eyes Till the lightning laughs dimple The baby roses in her cheeks; Then away she flies.

Pyrrhous weep, May Lilian! Gayety without eclipse Weighs me, May Lilian, Through my very heart it thrilleth When from crimson threaded lips Silver treble laughter trillith, Pyrrhous weep, May Lilian!

Praying all I can, If prayers will not hush thee, Airy Lilian, Like a rose leaf I will crush thee, Fairy Lilian.

—Alfred Tennyson.